

NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Mr. Howard's Stable Furnishes Many Blue Ribbon Winners.

OLD HARRY C. RETIRED

Dr. Walton's Stable—Many Fast Trotters—Sale of Rappahannock.

With a stable of seven harness horses, made up of Patriot, His Majesty, Dr. Reid, Idaho, Idan-Ha, Royal Regent and Glenville, A. Randolph, Howard's stable exhibits at the Horse Show on July 11th and 12th. Mr. Howard had entries in each class to which his horses were eligible, and captured a championship, a reserve, six blues and three reds, the summary showing that he was unplaced in a single event, and in no class did he finish further back than second. Probably the best known horse in the stable is the hackney stallion Patriot, a chestnut son of Cadet. He was formerly owned by W. B. White, of Cleveland, who used him as a harness mate to the famous Lord Brilliant.

At Fredericksburg Patriot was first in the class for pairs of harness horses, with Dr. Reid first in park tandem, with Royal Regent first in class for harness horses under 152, and winner of reserve championship in harness class. His Majesty, the chestnut stallion, by Imp. Britain, is also a hackney, and was second in the class for harness horses. Dr. Reid, the chestnut gelding, by Cadet, is a good representative of the hackney trotter class, and is a prize favorite with Mrs. Howard, who holds the title to this well-mannered son of Cadet. He was shown, eighteen times in 1905, and Mrs. Howard has sixteen ribbons as trophies.

The big bay geldings Idaho and Idan-Ha are standard-bred trotters and make a great pair of harness horses. They are sons of the famous sire, Ashland Wilkes, 2:18 1-4, and Baron Wilkes, 2:18. Royal Regent is a brown gelding, six, fifteen hands, by Bow Bells, 2:19 1-4, dam by Clay King. He was first in two classes and championship winner in another.

Fredericksburg, and able critics pronounced him one of the greatest runabout horses in the country. Glenville is a chestnut gelding, five, 15.2 hands, by McEwen, 2:18 1-4, dam Tiney, by Thorpe, and shown in a couple of roadster classes. He was an easy winner. The chestnut gelding combines style and finish with good action, and is likely to cut quite a figure in his class right along the line of Virginia horse shows this season.

Writing under recent date a correspondent in Washington, D. C., supplies the following interesting information concerning the Virginia bred pacing horse Harry C.

After the third heat of the 2:19 pace at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Baltimore, last Friday, the old horse Harry C. was drawn, and it was announced that he would never race again. Harry C. had won the first heat in 2:17 1-4, was second in the second heat in 2:17 1-2, and then finished sixth in 2:17 1-4.

Harry C. has had a remarkable career as any horse on the American turf. He was a handsome, dappled light gray stallion, as gentle as a lamb. He was bred by J. M. Corbin, of Hamilton, Va. Harry C.'s sire was Dundee, a son of the one-time famous trotting stallion Jay Gould, and his dam was by Harold, Jr. He was foaled May 10, 1886, and is therefore now more than twenty years old.

At three years he was put into training. For two years he was carefully schooled, but at the expiration of that period showed no signs of being fast, and for three years was used as a horse of all work on a farm, a groceryman in Georgetown, who used him in his delivery wagon. Afterward Harry C. hauled a coal cart.

He was a cart horse when Timothy E. Shugrue bought him, because of his blue blood, and elevated him to the place of a pleasure driver. In that capacity Harry C. has shown spirit and speed, and again he was put into training. This was about five years ago.

After careful handling Harry C., at fifteen years of age, showed a desire to step along, and he was started in a number of races. He succeeded in getting a mark of 2:24 in a race.

Last fall, when nearly twenty years old, Harry C., at Marlborough, was started with a bunch of good 2:25 pacers and won in straight heats. At Rockville, a week later, he won another race in straight heats. He was then sent to a 2:22 pace at Brentwood, with such good horses as Dr. Bell, St. Patrick, Mattie H., Little Penn and Maid Marion. He won the first heat in 2:23 1-4, chipping one and one-half seconds from his actual record. St. Patrick won the second heat in 2:22 1-2, then, to the astonishment of everybody, Harry C. reeled off the third heat in 2:22 flat, and the fourth one in 2:21 1-2.

At Rockville last month, Harry C., then just five days more than twenty years old, sprang another surprise by winning the first heat of a three-mile mile race in 1:07 flat. And the following week won the 2:22 pace at Norfolk in straight heats.

His two heats in 2:17 1-4 and 2:17 1-2 at the Gentlemen's Driving Park on Friday were the fastest he ever made in a race. Now Harry C. seems to have reached his limit and will be retired.

Dr. J. C. Walton, formerly located at Reddsville, N. C., where he established a sanatorium and did a flourishing practice, but now resident physician at The

Meeklenburg, Chase City, Va., one of the best known and most popular of Virginia health resorts, is interested still as a breeder and owner of trotters and pacers, while in addition it is seldom that one of more good saddle horses are not to be found in his private stables. Among the harness horses owned by Dr. Walton are Princess of Ridgefield, bay mare, by Prince Belmont, 2:10 1-4, dam Ida Vase, by Blardo; Carolina Belle, bay filly, three by Lyons Bel, 2:10 1-4, dam Princess of Ridgefield, and Bessie Hall, the handsome and stylish brown mare, five, by Lyons Bel, dam Albertina, 2:12 1-4, by Borden, son of Kentucky Prince. The latter was purchased a few months since from W. Burgess, Flemington, N. J., owner of her sire, Bessie Hall is a trotter, and with handling would likely go fast, but while pure-galled in harness, under the saddle she goes all the gait with ease, and is being used as a riding horse. Truly the versatility of the American trotter is remarkable, and the case of this mare is but a further example of the usefulness of the breed.

The number of fast trotters is increasing so rapidly that a performer with a record of 2:30 attracts little attention in these progressive days. The fact that twenty-five trotters have been named in the 2:08 class at Lexington, Ky., this fall, and that twenty of them have records below 2:10, shows something of the progress made in the development of fast trotting horses. At the close of 1895, for ten years ago, there were only thirty-seven all told that had beaten 2:10, and now we have more than half that number named in one race, while the total number of trotters that have records below 2:10 has increased to 129.

J. A. Crabtree, of Boston, who bought the Virginia-bred trotting mare Prindino, 2:15 1-4, at Baltimore, did so at the suggestion of Henry W. Burress, of Pocomoke City, Md., and at the price of \$1,250, paid for the daughter of Sidney Prince, the investment has been profitable, as she has won some half-dozen straight races, and can shade her record several seconds yet over a half-mile track. Mr. Burress, who has known Prindino since her yearling form, at which she was the exhibited phenomenon, speed was formerly a well-known fact. Now England starting judge, but for a decade past has been conducting a breeding establishment at Pocomoke City.

Dr. C. B. Carter, of Warrenton, Va., has sold to a gentleman in New York City, who will use him as a park hack, the handsome bay gelding Rappahannock. The price was \$2,500. Dr. Carter is an expert in the line of developing park hacks and hunters, and has brought out and sold for snug prices a number of high-class horses. Three years ago he was required to fit Rappahannock, but now the gelding has faultless manners along with fine style and action.

The most successful exhibitor of hunters, jumpers and park saddlers at the Fredericksburg Horse Show was Julian Morris, of The Oaks Stock Farm, Campbell's Va., who had a string of six horses and won a championship, four blue, two red and three yellow ribbons. The bay gelding Taconite, by Grandmaster, a fine, big heavy-weight hunter, with his good manners and impressive appearance, was the central figure in his class and scored high on both performance and conformation.

BROAD ROCK.

WILL CROWN KING OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS

(Continued from First Page.)

family, he is not a bay or a brown, but a flashing chestnut of magnificent body part and leonine head and neck. He is so big, one might pass him for a three-year-old. He is a "placable" horse, for a pleasing sight he makes on parade to the post with thousands and thousands of admirers hand-clapping and applauding the "Giant." Here in the table below is seen at a glance just what the most prominent two-year-olds of the season have been doing up to date:

Name	First	Second	Third	Won
Water Pearl	5	2	1	\$46,490
Oran	4	2	1	27,510
Ballot	2	1	1	11,820
Court Dress	3	1	1	10,320
Chas. Edwards	1	2	1	8,712
Superman	1	2	1	8,400
Red River	2	2	1	8,245
Clare Russell	4	6	2	7,795
Gretna Green	2	1	1	7,595
Peter Pan	2	1	1	7,445
Ethion	4	2	1	7,260
Hyperbola	1	2	1	6,625
Frank Lord	4	3	1	6,810
De Mund	2	1	1	6,117
Mingivings	2	2	1	5,825
Okenite	3	2	1	5,415
Acrobat	2	2	1	5,330

New Stamping Ground.

The love of a sterling good racehorse is not limited to locality for each year finds him browsing on pastures new. In Winniepeg, Man., where the blood of the native runs fast and sport is second only to religion, King Thoroughbred is soon to find a new and unexpected stamping ground. It will be worthy of his regal quality, and once upon his throne he is bound to enjoy a long and glorious reign, judged by what we know of the vigorous, hearty, enterprising and money-whirling horseman of Nowhere will a real great horse find greater honor or more loyal homage than from the men and women of the North. Winniepeg, the "Paris of the North," is to have one of the finest racing courses in America.

Walter A. Leavitt, designer and constructor of America's Ascot Park—the new Belmont Park on Long Island—has recently returned from a sojourn among the Winniepegs. To horsemen and the general votaries of racing, who long ago, in the days of the great horse wars, gave up hope of ever hearing the patter of thoroughbred hoofs around the quarter turn at Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul, Minn.; Minneapolis, Minn., or other of the popular centers thereabout, turn with pricking ears to hear something of the coolest and most up-to-date of modern man. "I don't think there was enough money or people up there for high-class racing," remarked Mr. Henry Morris, steward of the Jockey Club, by way of introducing a verbal comma into the rhapodic tale of Leavitt delivered to a company of cronies on a Chicago balcony at Brighton Beach upon the project and prospect of racing beyond the Great Lakes one day this week. Leavitt assured his auditors of the fact that racing in Winniepeg two years hence would be on the same scale as that of the great racing centers of the East, and everybody of the turf knows full well no more brilliant social or sporting function than the early spring term at Woodbine is to be seen beyond Ascot or Belmont.

Just when the Winniepeg plant will be in operation is a matter of conjecture at this time. Suffice to say the Mackenzies are lending a mighty shoulder to the wheel, and no more thorough or liberal patrons of the high-class in sport stand before the Canadian public to-day than they. Incidentally, Rodrick Mackenzie brought out a fine price at the recent sale of the yearlings from Caledon Woodford's Kentucky farm at Sheephead Bay. His agent paid \$1,700 for a half-sister to the great mare Whimsical. Inquiry among the colored help of Woodford elicited the fact that this filly has shown better than

did Whimsical at the corresponding period in her yearling term. Mr. Woodford himself expected a \$5,000 sale for this one, but owing to a slight offhandedness, due to a long car trip up from the Bluegrass State, the filly appeared at the sale at the price of \$1,700. Since the Mackenzies' purchase has come in the fine style, and unless she outraces the best horses of her age and sex in Canada next year, many good yearling judges are far astray. She is by Sir Dixon, from the good mare Kismet. At the same sale, where the Messrs. Mackenzies, of Winniepeg, bought the filly, a fine-looking colt six years old, named "The Native," was very ordinary. The Sir Dixon-Kismet filly is the most promising yearling ever sent to Canada.

Rivalry Between Sections. Never before in the history of metropolitan racing has the rivalry between the interests of the East and the West developed such a keen edge as that to be discerned every afternoon here at Brighton, both in the doing of the betting ring and among the jockeys and owners out in the paddock. The line is sharp, proposition in pugilistic affairs out of the "native" way! Why, no section of men in the world are so conceitedly classically of local prestige and prerogative as the New York bookmakers and horse owners. In the old days when the bookmakers held an exclusive and monopolistic control over the ring by virtue of the Jockey Club recognizing the bookmakers' organization called the Metropolitan Turf Association, the bookmaker from Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo., came here in fear and trembling.

A Western owner, we say, had a good horse. He heard so much talk of speed and stamina of the purple bred colt or filly of a New York owner that Mr. Westmore generally failed to nominate in the rich stakes. But a change has come about, due largely to John A. Drake and John W. Gates. In the Drake

This is What WE Say to the Consumer

WE Produce as FINE A BEER right here in Richmond as is made anywhere in the Country

Home Brewing Co.
Brewers of Fine Beers.

Phone 846.

P.O. Box 418.



Harrison & Clay St.

Richmond, Va. U.S.A.

COMPLETE BOTTLING DEPARTMENT.
LATEST IMPROVED MACHINERY.

Why not help
Your
Home Industries?

The product is PURE.
We use the Highest Grade of Malt and Hops.
Our Beer is Properly Aged.
You get it fresh from the Brewery—not subjected to long transit.
Why should our Beer not be Equal to any and Superior to Many.

Hombroco
Export

In bottles.

A very fine Beer.
Try it!

HOW TO BIT A HORSE.

The biting of horses for family use or for the show ring is a science more or less misunderstood by more than half the men who own horses, and may be, in other respects, perfectly competent to manage the animals in their charge. It is safe to say that seven-tenths of the horses used for driving purposes are in correctly bitten most of the time, and when severity is applied, it is done with judgment, and the horse is made to suffer torture. Well-broken horses never require severe biting, and the best mouth in the world can be ruined in a minute or two by bits unscientifically applied. A young colt, after it has been through the process of dumb-pockeying, should be bitten in the mildest possible manner, and a thick, rather than thin, mouthpiece should invariably be used at the start. Smooth mouthpieces are to be preferred to those with twisted or roughened edges, and high ports are generally for the use of the "breaker," of untutored mature horses rather than for the hands of the "educator." The port must be low in an easy curb bit, and the curb chain must be adjusted properly—that is to say, not too tight—but with room enough to pass two fingers between the chain and the horse's chin if it is to be comfortably, and not prove over severe when the lines are pulled.

The neck pieces or side arms of the curb bit, and the loops through which the reins pass (cheek, rough-cheek, flat bar, midline bar or lower bar), together with

tightness of curb chain, are the important factors in biting. How often do we see horses driven in tight curb and bridle who have never before known anything but an open snaffle bit. They fuss and fume, and, unless the new bit is relieved, rear and kick in a frantic effort to relieve themselves. Drivers are careless of the use of appropriate bits. Liverpool bits, gig bits, elbow bits, Burton's, etc., are used indiscriminately, and there is scarcely a show nowadays at which, in one class or another, a number of inappropriate bits are not brought into use. Classes may be hurried, but there is no excuse for incorrect or make-shift bitting such as we frequently see. The wonder is that judges do not sometimes order an entire class out of the ring to enable exhibitors to bit their horses properly. More than half the victories achieved are owing to correct bitting of sensational horses. On the other hand, ninety per cent. of the accidents which occur on the road find their origin in the truth being only told, in bits that the horses are unused to.

The saving of a man's hands by the cruel biting of a valuable horse is a crime. It is further a libel on honesty to put a high-spirited horse before competent judges, and endeavor to make the horse step into their affections while fretting under the control of an unskillful bit. Some judges make it their business to personally examine the bits of every horse in a class, and then watch them narrowly while in action to see whether or not they are being unwarrantably irritated.—Sports of the Times.

Ill., to Saratoga with Runnells, High Chancellor, Savable and Wyeth. Gates had the bank roll and Drake the horses.

It is a long story, but suffice to say, the Drake horses ran over the Eastern stars at the Saratoga, and a triumph in the Futurity in the autumn at Sheephead Bay. "Joe" Ullman and "Kid" Weller ran a strong book for Gates, called the "Big Store." It got the lion's share of the money gambled off by New Yorkers that summer. Later on McChesney, The Picket, Corcoran and other strong performers on the Chicago and St. Louis tracks ventured into the local field, and "Joe" Yeager, Otto Stifel and Louis Cella came a-hunting for the coin in the betting rings. For three summers now the invaders have been doing right well, but here at the present time both luck and money are coming their way with such ridiculous constancy the home brewe are up in arms.

Bookmakers' clerks who were hustling at New Orleans and out in California last winter have propped by their knowledge of the form and class of Western horses until right at the present time automobiles and money are coming their way from Brighton Beach.

But the climax came last week with the overwhelming success of the Western horses in the field of the \$25,000 Brighton Handicap. Ram's Horn, from Memphis, Tenn., won. First Mason, in the colors of "Charley" Rowe, of St. Louis, took second money, and then Rockland, from New York, and then Mineral Springs, Ark.—he had previously won the Brooklyn Handicap—dropped in for the "Lavinia's" attached to third honors. Dandelion, Whimsical, Hamburg Belle and the other home fancies finished in the dismal rack.

For two days after the Brighton Handicap running, a man said "Ram's Horn" and his head was snapped off. Even the bartenders down at Coney Island were instructed: "Don't you touch Ram's Horn's!" and some seacher after liquid consolation. Perhaps the most amusing thing of the intersectional feeling is the

attitude assumed by the local partisans toward the Cella's of Saratoga. Louis Cella is looking ten looks in the ring. As all the racing world does know, Cella is about as smart a handler of a vast sum of money as is to be found anywhere. His line of business is betting—ring investment. So it happens that the Missouri magnate has ten books on him at Brighton Beach. Every time the Cella books lay a high price against some choice and that choice is beaten, the old-time "Mets" and the disgruntled folks generally set up a wild cry of lamentation in effect that "Cella had that one dead."

Cella's Great Day. One New York morning paper charges Cella with having been blackballed by the "Mets." As a matter of fact, Cella never once applied for membership, being quite satisfied to take an independent chance in the betting market on the strength of his hard cash and the ability of the operators he employs. Cella is having a great summer of it. He has won at least \$40,000 a day, while it is \$10,000 a day to say no while it is \$25,000 by laying top prices against Dandelion and Flip Flip in the Brighton Handicap. Cella, a Westerner, will probably dominate the whirling carnival of gold at Saratoga next month.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO NIAGARA FALLS, VIA R. F. & P. R. R.

Leave Washington, D. C., via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Lehigh Valley Railroad, 7:00 A. M. Friday, June 29th, and 7:30 A. M. Fridays, July 13th and 27th; August 10th and 24th, September 14th and 28th; via Pennsylvania Railroad and Buffalo, 7:35 A. M. Fridays, July 13th and 27th; August 10th and 24th, September 14th and 28th. Round trip from Richmond, tickets on sale for afternoon trains of days prior to excursions from Washington, limited to each Washington, leaving within ten days, including date of excursion from that point. For tickets and full information, apply to ticket agents, R. F. & P. R. R.

LOW RATE WEEK-END EXCURSIONS TO JERSEY SEASHORE RESORTS—R. F. & P. R. R.

Commencing June 24, and until September 8th, inclusive, the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad will sell on Friday and Saturday of each week special excursion tickets to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, and Wildwood, N. J., at rate of \$10.00 round trip from Richmond. Tickets good only on date of sale and for return passage leaving destination not later than Tuesday following date of sale. Apply to ticket agents, R. F. & P. R. R.

Let The Times-Dispatch be sent you wherever you go this summer. Don't forget to order it before leaving. Address changed as often as desired.

TWO TRAINS TO LYNCHBURG, VIA C. & O. JAMES RIVER LINE.

Pullman Sleeper to Lynchburg, Natural Bridge Station and Clifton Forge. Effective July 24, Chesapeake and Ohio train leaving Richmond at 8:15 P. M., daily except Sunday, will carry through sleeper to Lynchburg, Natural Bridge Station and Clifton Forge, arriving Lynchburg 10:30 P. M., Natural Bridge 7:10 A. M., and Clifton Forge 9 A. M. Returning, sleeper will arrive Richmond 8:40 A. M., daily except Sunday. Sleeper open for occupancy at Lynchburg 8:30 P. M. Daily train leaves Richmond for Lynchburg and Natural Bridge at 10:30 A. M., with parlor car.

STILL TRYING TO CHOOSE BEST MAN

Friends of O'Brien and Berger Each Claim Their Favorite

Won Fight

HART RETIRES FROM RING

Mike Schreck and Tommy Burns to Fight Twenty Rounds at Seattle Thursday.

By Chip.

CHICAGO, July 21.—That little six-round scrap at Philadelphia between Jack O'Brien and Sam Berger has stirred up a terrific rumpus. The question as to who had the best of the fight is still a mooted one. While O'Brien's partisans affirm that Jack outpointed his man all the way and easily held him safe, the Californian's admirers insist that their man was right after the champion all the way, gave as good as he received, and was the stronger at the end of the fight. Upon only one point do they all agree, and that is that it was a beautiful fight from start to finish, with both men going fast all the time, instead of the usual hand-to-hand affair that some of the O'Brien people had predicted.

No, it must be conceded that the shifty Philadelphia found Berger anything but an easy mark. Berger failed to get "rattled," as many said he would; on the contrary, he showed great coolness and nerve, displayed good head work and handled himself well. O'Brien beat him up a little, but received one or two little tokens in return, and really after careful analysis of the fight, there does not seem to have been much to choose between the two men at the end of the sixth round, thus conforming the forecast of the result of the battle made in this column last week.

Of course, had the bout been for a longer story, there may have been a different story to tell. The twenty-round affair will be next on the programme, but just when is not certain. Berger, rightly or otherwise, has jumped into the line of light through the showing he made, and is now preparing to reap the fruits, therefore, via the usual method—the show business. O'Brien talks of a two years' trip to Australia, and so forth.

Bona professes to believe that O'Brien, like the clever "jockey" he is, purposely drew a fine finish, in order to get a return match on the coast with his ambitious opponent. If such really was his idea, he carried it out exceedingly well. Already the entire tribe of fight promoters with which the Sunny Slope is infested are clamoring for a chance to stage another meeting between their "native son" and the lawyer-pugilist, realizing what a great drawing card such a match would be. O'Brien, who, it may be truly observed, is in the fight game not for the glory it brings, but for financial purposes pure and simple, has been known to carry out such tactics on previous occasions, and there is more than a possibility that such was his intention on Monday night. It may be remarked, however, that he overbore the mark just a little in that he permitted his lanky antagonist to handle him a little more roughly than would have been necessary, even had O'Brien been fighting "under

a pull," personally conducted, so to speak. Anyway, the return match will tell the tale, and we will let it go at that.

After much tribulation, Mike Schreck and Tommy Burns will clash at Seattle next Thursday for twenty rounds, thereby bringing to a head the much vexed question as to which is rightfully entitled to be called champion, near-champion, runner-up, or whatever is the correct term for the rather anomalous position of eminence that Burns has occupied ever since he whipped Marvin Hart.

On paper, the men look to be evenly matched, and the fight promises to be one of the best contests from every point of view that has been pulled off between the two heavyweights in some little time. Both men are of the same type, short and heavy set, fast and clever and carrying a punch in either wing. Schreck has, or is supposed to have, the shade in the hitting department, while Burns is probably a little the better man of the two, all of which taken into consideration makes it a mighty tough proposition to pick the winner thereof with any degree of probability. It will be a pretty frisson, though this is a cinch.

Word comes from Louisville that Marvin Hart has announced his retirement from the ring. Whether he really means it, is, of course, another thing. These "retirements" have been revoked so frequently that there is always room for a little skepticism when they are given out. Hart, however, it seems, has never been the same man since Tommy Burns beat him at Los Angeles several months ago. Possibly it was because Burns is such a little fellow in comparison to the bulky Kentucky giant. For Marvin took more than a licking from the big fellow without minding it much, but he seems to have taken it to heart when the little Canadian handed it to him. The same thing happened to Kid Carter. He assimilated many a beating cheerily and uncomplainingly, but when he was hit by Buffalo, then the Kid quit.

A match between Abe Attell and Jimmy Britt is the latest daily hint from San Francisco, the reason being that Britt, despairing of getting another match with Fighting Nelson, and feeling that he must fight some one, has settled upon Abe as the most available material. Attell is dead willing, and the match looks as good as made. As an exhibition of fast, scientific work, nothing more could be desired, and that's about all it would amount to.

Joe Gans and Dave Holly, the latter also a colored fighter of some ability, will meet Monday at Pleasant Beach, near Seattle, at 155 pounds. Holly has a record Eastern record in the East, including a former fight with Joe, a no-decision, six-round affair at Philadelphia, which was a warm contest while it lasted. Joe, however, has not lost a battle since he "turned decent," and he can reasonably be counted upon to hand Mr. Holly the usual dose. Also, if Joseph fights well at this 155 figure, why can't he erase just two pounds more and be a lightweight? He says he can do it. For this reason, at least, the Seattle fight is worth watching.

Hendrie's Stable Sold.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) BUFFALO, N. Y., July 21.—The stable of the late William Hendrie, former president of the Ontario Jockey Club, was sold at Fort Erie yesterday. Hendrie brought a total of \$4,500. Some On, a three-year-old, was bought by A. Browne & Company for \$1,400, the highest price.

Mahe, on Llangibby, Wins.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) LONDON, July 21.—Llangibby, ridden by Mahe, the American jockey, won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park yesterday. Bepo was second and Wombwell was third. Nine horses started. Mahe, American, rode Wombwell. The betting was 2 to 1 against Llangibby, which was an easy win. The Eclipse Stakes are of 10,000 sovereigns for three and four-year-olds. Distance about six miles and a quarter.

FREE A FULL PINT OF OLD VIRGINIA APPLE JACK

Grandfather's Medicinal Brand.

As an advertisement all send your order for a case of WESTOVER RYE WHISKEY.

"Best the World Over!"

This is free only with your FIRST Order. Made from the choicest grain. You'll agree it's the richest, most flavorful, and healthful of all liquors. Sold direct to you at a special price of \$3.10. 8 cases, \$24.80. Shipped express prepaid. If you're not satisfied, return it for a full refund. No money back to you, except the full refund of your money. I refer to the Bank of Richmond, and to the Planters National Bank of this city as my guaranty of my reliability. Write for free booklet giving information on the whiskey question. PHIL G. KELLY, RICHMOND, VA.